

My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

Humph. Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction,
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords fire eies shewes his enuious mind,
Buckingham's prowd lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe:
All you haue ioyned to betray me thus:
And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne mistris,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnessses inow,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The prouerb no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

Suffolke Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,
As if that shee with ignominious wrong,
Had subornd or hyred some to sweare against his life?

Queene Yea but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
Besheew the winners hearts, they play me false.

Buck. Heele wrest the sence, and keep vs here al day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Card. Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house.

Humph. O! thus king Henry casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shal bite him first.
Farewel my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.

King My lords, what to your wisedomes shall seeme best,
Do

Do and vndo, as if our selfe were here.

Queene What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King Yea Margaret, my heart is killed with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.

exit King, Salisbury, and Warwicke

Queene Then sit we downe againe my lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset,
Let vs consult of prowd duke Humphries fall,
In mine opinion it were good he did,
For safetie of our King and common wealth.

Suffolke And so thinke I madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King,
And it may be, by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The foxe barks not when he would steale the lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deede,
We should not question, if that he should liue,
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,
Lest that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

Yorke Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suff. Let that be my lord Cardinalls charge and mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queene How now sirra, what newes?

Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrolld,
Do plant themselues within the English pale,
And burne and spoile the Country as they go.

Queene What redresse shall we haue for this my Lords?

Yorke Twere very good, that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate champion were sent ouer,
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

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